Safe

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by CoconutRum

Summary

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I OWN NOTHING.

Walls

“Hold him, I don’t want no fidgeting…”

Will felt vice grips on each of his shoulders, pressing him into what could only be rusty bed springs, judging by the sound of the mattress.

“Make sure ‘is wrists are tightened; bloody bitch ‘as claws.”

Another set of fingers yanked at Will’s arms; he felt a slight burn of fabric biting into his flesh as his wrists were secured, circulation nearly cut off.

“Now then, Princess,” hands made quick work of his belt and pants, shucking them down to his ankles, “You gonna be a good girl, for daddy?”

Cold air licked at Graham’s thighs and he could smell the dank, musty walls; like a cemetery in the rain.

He opened his eyes, immediately regretting it as his vision spun before him. His head swam and he felt his body go clammy with sweat. A fever dream.

“That’s all this is, Will,” he told himself, his body quivering, “It’s just a dream, you had too much to drink and now you’re paying for it.”

He was roughly turned onto his side, his arms and shoulders twisted uncomfortably underneath and above him, given his restraints also being tethered to something like a post or upper bed frame.

“Would ya look at this lily-white ass, ‘ere, gents?” A voice jeered, “I could eat off that bloody bum!”

Someone licked a hot, wet stripe up one of his legs, over a globe of supple flesh, the surrounding company snickering lewdly.

Instinctually recoiling,Graham pulled his knees up to his chest, tugging against his bindings. His struggle was met with a swift smack across his ass, causing him to whimper and kick out.

“Tssssk….” someone hissed. He felt the mattress sink as someone else clamored onto the bed.

He couldn’t figure out where he was.

It felt like one of those old hospital beds you saw in abandoned insane asylums. The mattress was hard and thin with barely any give. He could feel the indents of where the coils had too much ware.

He twisted again in his bindings, fighting for a mental or physical foothold. He felt he had either been drugged, drunk, or both.

Large hands rubbed up and down his back and shoulders.

“Shhhh…..” a captor stilled him by the scruff of the neck, “Yer gonna wanna hold still for me, luv,” The owner of the voice tenderly ran a hand along Will’s blushing cheekbones as his body naturally betrayed him at the physical contact.

Graham tried to whip his head around to bite at the assaulting fingers; while also kicking his bound legs out again, despite their bindings. Anything to throw them off.

A knee rammed hard into his belly, knocking the wind from him.

“Would ye look at that, gents?” A large, hot palm kneaded one of his cheeks while a finger probed his entrance. “The princess ‘ere, thinks she ‘as a say in ‘ow this ‘appens!”

Another blow was landed, striking upward, just below his breast bone.

“Nghaa!!” Will’s eyes flew open as his body tried to find a thread of equilibrium as pain radiated through his chest.

This was not his design.

He writhed and bucked and threw his weight against the holds on him; but to no avail. Hands held him; nails and teeth bit into his skin; he heard the wet smacking sounds against his flesh and felt them burn pink with heat now pouring off of him.

Laughter and grunting filled his ears; a cacophony of terrifying sounds reverberating in his skull.

Sweat dripped into his eyes and he tasted his own bile rising in his throat.

His throat was raw from yelling; limbs chafed by their restraints.

“Just give in, Graham,” he thought, wishing he had had more to drink, “You’re trapped.”

He took a shuddering breath, and tried to keep the tears of panic from his eyes, “Defeated.”

As though a switch was thrown, finally, he stilled, his body limp with exhaustion.

“Mmmmm,” a soothing hand stroked his abdomen, warm and gentle, “There now darling, don’t you see, if you relax, and be a good girl for me,”

The man wriggled his finger inside Will, teasingly.

“This can be lovely,” his digit went deeper, and was joined by a second finger, “for both of us.”

Everything was so dry; his inner ring clenched and burned in protest.

“Unngg!…” Will gasped, every muscle in him taught, teeth clenched. “Please, what do you want?”

The walls echoed the sounds of heavy breathing. He couldn’t tell if it was his captors’ or his own.

A mouth descended, suckling gently at his neck.

His brain wandered; forming a fragile, gossamer cocoon around him. He inwardly laughed at his useless survival mechanism.

He felt fingers carding through his hair; more than one person’s hand reaching into his shirt, one rubbing circles over his nipple.

His body continued to betray him; he felt his cock beginning to swell. His breathing quickened, he arched his neck into hot mouthing along his jaw, and his hips rocked with embarrassing need.

His mind raced in realization of the duality of his position.

“This isn’t happening…” His chest rose and fell but he couldn’t get enough air. He began to spiral as his body convulsed, twitched and cringed away from the overly saturated stimulus.

Multiple hands roved over his body, divesting him of the rest of his clothing, bunching it up where it met his bindings.

Mouths kissed, and licked and nipped; all in a hot, whirling delirium of wet sucking sounds.

Blood flowed freely to his cock, reenforcing the dizzy, dream like quality of his thoughts.

But this was not his design.

Sweating, Will’s panting breaths became ragged at the confusingly delicious assault. His eyes alternated between clenching shut and rolling back in ecstasy as he felt himself grow harder.

A finger traced the delicate vein on the underside of his dick, making him flinch.

His cock pressed, leaking against his belly; pre-cum sticky on his body hair.

Mind racing, he tried to ground himself.

“My name is Will Graham,”

Strong hands grasped his hips.

“I work as a profiler for the FBI.”

Fingers pulled at his hair, craning his neck back, holding him in place.
The clang of a metal buckle and zipper made his body shudder.

“I was at a gala, with Hannibal; and went to my car to...”

The mattress dipped and someone’s knees pressed against the back of his thighs.

He heard the undeniable sound of a plastic cap being popped and tearing of a foil packet, sending his mind into a frenzy of survival attempts, quite out of his control.

With his body twitching and twisting in protest, he felt himself begin to babble as long, cold fingers massaged his entrance

“Please....” he tried, “Please don’t do this…”

Lips came down to crush his own, a tongue fighting its way in to taste the roof of his mouth.

Adrenaline flooded his system; the babbling continued, but he truly couldn’t make sense of his own thoughts, less his words.

“Shhh...Don’t be like, that, love,” hands spread his cheeks, and the hot tip of a cock pressed against his puckered hole, “Wouldn’t want ye makin’ a fuss now would we?”

“Ahhh!, Ungg...Please!! No!...Pl….”

His words were cut short by a scrap of wadded fabric being jammed into his mouth.

He could feel his corporeal form fighting its own impulses to both fight and flee. Part of his brain even encouraged he just surrender; give in. Let his body ride that wave of pleasure that came as a result of sensual touch, and teasing.

But he couldn’t. The smell of rust and mold permeated his mind; despite not even being blindfolded, he naturally kept his eyes shut to prevent his exposure (and finality in acknowledgement) of the concrete walls drinking in his moans of pain.

Tears streaked down his face in humiliation as one of his captors thrust roughly in and out of his body.

He felt himself stretched and torn; his own cock bobbing against his stomach in agony as another assailant palmed his sac.

“There now, Princess,” a rough voice grunted as he thrust harder and deeper down Will’s channel, “So tight and hot for me now, eh?”

A hand wrapped around his length as someone else’s mouth sucked on the head.

“Please…” his skin slid along the mattress as his captors toyed with him, “I can’t...it hurts!” he mouthed through his disgusting gag.

“Shhhh…..I’d keep that pretty mouth shut if I were you,” the man ran his hands up and down Will’s sides, nails digging into his hip bones as he continued to piston himself through him.

He knew how pathetic he sounded as he began to mewl like a sick cat.

“Cuz I could think of all manner of use for those lips of yours, luv.”

Someone began laving the head of his prick like a popsicle. Sucking, and alternating between short, obscene kitten licks and languid strokes from base to tip.

His brain balked at what he must look like. Curled in the fetal position, a man buried inside his ass, another worshiping his cock.

The pain had barely subsided when the thrusts picked up speed and force, repeatedly striking his inner most bundle of nerves. Streaks of white flew across his vision as he struggled to breathe.

“Ungh, yeah, that’s my good girl. But hold on now, hold on…” The man groaned with effort, pulled out, and used Will’s body to push himself up into a higher kneeling position.

Out of nowhere, the thrusts stopped, and Will heard the unmistakable slick noises of someone jacking themselves off.

He felt more hands turning his own body onto all fours, his arms barely able to support his weight.

Adjusting to the new angle, he felt the fist of the man behind him hit his buttocks as he wanked himself off.

“Now darling,” the bed shifted as his first assailant came to seat himself at Will’s head, “I think you need to give my friend here a taste of that honey of yours.”

Meaty hands grabbed at his hips as a new captor aligned himself.

Graham’s body convulsed as he felt his entrance broached once more. He hung his head and whined as the man behind him sank low and deep within him; stretching the abused flesh there.

A hand drew his face upward, tearing the fabric from his mouth.

“Don’t be shy now, lovely,” his initial captor presented his cock at Will’s lips;

Strikingly blue eyes blazed down at him in invitation, as though he had a choice.

Graham’s body was pulsed forward with each thrust of the man behind him, his eyes burning, nose beginning to drip.

“Please…” he looked up at the man who held him, and was met with no more than a sneer.

He tried to bow his head again as a particularly rough thrust shook through him.

“No more...I can’t...unngh!...”

White hot pain lanced up his spine.

“Shhh,” the man pressed the head of his prick to Will’s open mouth, sinking inward as Graham was pushed forward from behind.

The young profiler could barely breathe as he secured his lips.

Snot dripped down his nose as he gagged and choked to the sounds of laughter around him.

“See?!” a lewd voice said triumphantly, “Of course you can, darling! I’ve never had such a talented little piece of ass….even one as lily...white...as...yours.” He emphasized his words with a thrust after the last three.

A hand was back on Will’s cock. He was so close. Maybe he could just black out and fall into oblivion. Safe, glorious oblivion.

He teetered on the edge as the thrusts from both directions became more erratic, sending him into a mess of shivers and gagging.

But this was not his design. Why should he be so lucky?

Abruptly, the thrusting into his channel stopped, and the meaty cock assaulting him pulled out and the hand at his own cock held him in a vice. Ceasing all movement.

He continued to suck and whirl his tongue around the cock of the blue eyed man, as hands behind him raked down his sides.

He nearly spluttered as hot, sticky cum spurt across his back, pooling and dripping down his skin as it cooled.

“There now...mmmmnngg….” salty, viscous liquid erupted down his throat, “So good for us,” Will’s head was held to the man’s pubic bone, forcing him to swallow as he felt the cock softening in his mouth.

The leader of the group looked over Will’s form, blissed out, admiring the stain on Will’s back.
Graham fought to remain stable, teetering on the edge, and being denied anything resembling release.

“Marked like the pretty whore you are,” He pulled himself from the young profiler’s mouth and pulled a knife.

Before Will could even register how many things were happening at once, hands were on him again, throwing him onto his back, un-biding his feet, but holding them flat against the mattress, his legs splayed open.

The blue eyed man straddled Will’s belly, pressing the blade to his throat.

“Now,” he looked around at his comrades.

“Who's next?”

Broken

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Most of the pain subsided into numbness. But not all of it. The body was after all, designed to *feel* for the sake of survival.

An IV ran from his wrist, and worn hospital restraints were shackled to his limbs, not quite immobilizing him; they only allowed for shudders and embarrassing bucking of his hips.

His eyes adjusted to the dimly lit room; more like a warehouse.

He had no idea how long he'd been there. An hour? A day? Time lost all meaning.

Multiple needles pierced and stuck out of his skin, forming a neat circle of barbs around one of his nipples; their tips all facing inward, overlapping each other and stained with his blood.

His captors had begun a second one on his thigh. The interwoven slivers stitching together across his marred flesh.

He couldn't find anything resembling himself to fight with anymore, save the reflexes of his autonomic nervous system.

The bastards held him off from cumming so many times, he nearly passed out from the agony of that alone.

The blue eyed man attached a small clamp to each nipple; wires trailing from them both, traveling to a small box complete with dials like you see in mobster movies.

Horror movies more like.

"Now, Princess," the blue eyed man drawled, "We saw what that pretty mouth of yours could do," he turned a dial slowly clockwise and Will felt the clamps begin to hum.

"Lets see how that pretty body of yours follows orders, mh?"

Will was standing upright now, suspended from an I beam.

"You're not allowed to cum, until we say so, understand?" his captor jeered.

Graham could barely lift his head to nod.

His tormentor cranked the dial - sending shock waves through the small brunette's chest. Will's back arched and his body convulsed; his cock quivering with pain.

"Asked ye a question, luv…" the current went back to gentle humming. An underlying threat.

Graham looked up, whimpering, "Yes," before closing his heavy lids again.

"Good girl," the other voice quipped. "Now, Marco, if you would eh...help me in decorating our lovely girl here…" There was an edge to his voice that registered as a new level of danger in Will's mind.

He felt delicate fingers fasten a metal ring around the base of his cock, a spindle of wire also trailing towards to the control box.

"My name is Will Graham…"

One clamp was removed from a nipple and instead, placed on the metal needle crosses in the meat of his thigh.

"Now…" He paused, assessing his catch, "Damn, you look so fuckin pretty, I could kiss you…"

Someone grabbed a hank of his hair, angling his face upward.

Cold, wet lips puckered against his own; a hot tongue slithering inside his mouth to taste him.

The man pressed and held his knee to the handiwork of barbs in Graham's leg; causing him to writhe, and cry out, opening his mouth fully to the assault of tongue and teeth.

Will was panting again, feeling the wound burn and drip with god knows what pestilence from his captor.

"Such a pretty thing you is…" the voice drifted away, echoing on the concrete walls of his prison.

"Now, each one of these pretty little wires, is attached to one of your pretty little parts!" The voice was giddy as a child's.

"Watch this gents!...I'm a fuckin' puppet master!" Will heard him shuffling around. "If I do this, here…"

Current coursed through Will's chest again; a pinpointed heat source at the center of the circle of needles on his pectoral muscle.

His breathing stopped as he fought for consciousness.

The surrounding voices jeered and pointed.

"Oy...shaddup!" The man waited until the only sound was that of the brunette's heavy breathing.

After a blissful moment of silence, the tinkering continued.

"And if I do this!!...Watch 'im, watch 'im now!!" Graham felt the heat of bodies closing in around him as the current sang through him again.

This time, the needles burned into his open flesh, scorching and branding the front of his leg. He smelled burnt skin. His own skin….and fought through a wave of nausea.

"Now now love, none of that now," The current decreased to a dull thrumm, and the profiler felt his cock twitch; pleading and neglected.

A hand cupped his balls, and his captor leaned in; hot breath against his ear.
"You know what's next, darlin?" He gave a harsh tug to Will's cock, sending him spiraling into a fit of quivering and loss of balance.

His mouth was agape in panic; adrenaline coursing through his entire system as he waited.

"I'm gonna press a little button, and this is gonna go straight up that pretty cock 'a 'yours. But if you cum…"

Teeth sank into his shoulder, and Will wriggled in a miserable attempt to break free.

"Ill skin that gorgeous little ass of yours and feed it to my dogs, a'right?"

He didn't wait for an answer. The brunette trembled; his body jerking at the mere anticipation of what it was about to be subjected to.

"You'll wanna watch this show, lads," fingers slowly began to turn the dial, "Things are about to get very….interesting."

Every fiber of Graham's being braced for what he knew would be beyond any form of pain he knew to exist before. Hell, he had even been shot.

Warm, welcoming vibrations reverberated through his base; making him throw his head back in near ecstasy.

"Ah, ah ah, sweet thing…not yet"

The young man's toes began to curl into the stone cold floor, his body covered in a sheen of sweat. He could barely put weight onto his left leg, given the burn and decorative needle work his captors found so amusing.

The dial clicked two more notches, and searing pain fluttered to his tip, causing him to buck and writhe in his bonds. It burned and bordered on feeling scorched. The heat only increased.

"Pl...Pleassse…." he knew he must look obscene' his buttocks clenching, dick bobbing and curving painfully as he fought for footing. It was like trying to stand on molten coals.

"Enough," He began to sob, "I'm cumming...please, Im sorry," he mewled, as he shot stark, hot ribbons across himself. His body convulsed, balked and cringed with rigid, unnatural movements as he fought to remain conscious and upright.

"Im sorry…." he whispered, "So sorry, please…" He couldn't bare to lift his head.

"Tsssssss, its a real shame, pretty one," a hand grasped his marred leg, thumb digging into the center of the needles. Will heard the sound of metal scraping on stone.

"HNNGG!!!! No, PLEASE, I…"

Without warning, the pressure ceased, as a gunshot rang out from across the room, deafening him.

Barely able to grasp his own consciousness, his vision blurred as he tried to find the shooter.

His eyes still useless in his drugged state, his ears honed in on nearing foot steps.

The men surrounding him scurried about the room, each pulling their own guns in turn. Had he been able to see and properly process, things would have obviously made more sense. But, given his abused state, he could only register flashes of what was happening.

He heard the wet crunching of a nose being broken, followed by a wail and much pleading before another trigger was pulled, silencing the sniveling mess of a man.

Another person tried to run past the gun-man, towards an exit, but was tripped. Graham heard the heavy stomp of a foot and a howl of pain as a bone was unmistakably shattered.

More sickening, sloppy wet sounds of bodies hitting concrete.

Large hands hoisted him, what felt like effortlessly, from his suspension point and lay him on the cool floor.

Graham registered he was lying on...a sheet? No...a coat.

More hands worked over his body. He registered the sting of the clamps being removed, the IV line taken out.

“What…?”

He tried to sit up. A broad hand roughly forced him back down.

“No, you’re one of them! No!...” He kicked and rolled, in an attempt to get away; despite how stupid the notion was.

Will found he was suddenly overcome with nausea, and immediately fell back to the floor in a ball, retching over to the side.

His body continued to tremble as he felt broad hands on him again.

Eyes open, he saw nothing more than light and shadows, blurred into ominous shapes as he fought with what little he had, against his new assailant.
Fingers deftly pulled at the needles stitched into his skin, nearly causing him to black out entirely.

He heard whispers of apology, the voice so distant, yet familiar before getting swept away by hi own fevered moans.

His body was on fire. And he was sinking to the bottom of an ocean of black water. Creatures with elongated arms pulled at his limbs, weighing him down. He flailed and kicked against them.

Finally, one caught him around his chest and put a large hand to his mouth. Fingers covering his nose and lips.

He was surrounded by the smell of lemons and antiseptic before his eyes rolled back in his head and he knew no more.

Awake

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Will's head swam as he fought his way through the haze of drugs and fever.

He felt something soft and cuff shaped around each of his wrists and ankles.

Registering his restraints, he tried to bolt upright, sweating and dizzy; adrenaline cascading through his system.

Looking around frantically; he felt the sting of a needle tugging at the back of his hand. Wincing, he tried once more to sit up.

But he was fully restrained. Helpless.

His brain relinquished rational processing.

Graham's pupils constricted, his chest tightened and his heart rate skyrocketed as he began to flail and pull against his bindings.

The men would surely come back soon.

He wasn't going to go down easily.

Sweat saturated his shirt, scabbed skin on his chest stretched and cracked where the needles had stuck him. Every fiber of his being ached and burned with exhaustion and blind rage.

The bed creaked against his motions, unrelenting. The fabric of the blanket over him, scratching against his wounded leg, making it itch and prickle.

He stared blankly ahead, willing himself to not relinquish his exertion. In the dimly lit room, he focused on the footboard; barely registering the fine line of light permeating the darkness as the door opened.

Will grit his teeth, focusing. He let the fear and anger course through him; channeling it into what strength and force he had left.

A distant voice broke through his tunnel vision.

"Will…"

Firm hands were suddenly on him, tightly gripping his upper arms, pushing him back down into the sheets.

His eyes clamped closed. He wouldn't let it end this way.

With a pained moan, he tried to force his elbow into his assailant; not fully cognizant of whether or not the impact sufficed.

He fought; writhing, kicking and thrashing.

"No, I don't…." Graham eyes rolled back as more drugs coursed through him; he raised a hand in feeble protest, "Please, I can't...no more…" His head hit the pillow.

"Shhhh."

"Please, don't make me do it again…"

"Will, look at me." Hannibal stroked Will's hair out of his eyes, giving him time to register the words.

The young brunette remained tense in the doctor's arms, fighting the urge to lash out with what little strength he had left.

Lecter had dealt with victims of assault, and new well that Will was still in a phase of shock. He gently let go, and moved so he was sitting next to the head of the bed, ceasing all physical contact.

The doctor watched, watching the younger man surrender.
“Tell me your name.”

The smaller man inhaled deeply, and paused.
Staring at the ceiling, he noted the lack of dampness in the air; the familiar smell of sandalwood and musk; the general warmth of the room; the soothing voice in his ear.

He took stock in the fact that he was not being pinned, forced or touched; his mind momentarily quieting as he took a deep breath. Trying to regain his mental footing.

“My name is Will Graham,” he whispered.
He kept his eyes closed; bracing for impact.

Hannibal kept his distance, allowing for Graham’s reality to solidify.
“That’s right,” he made a note on a paper on his lap. “Tell me, what is your date of birth.”

The young man’s brow furrowed. Why the hell would anyone be asking these dumb questions. He fisted the sheets; subconsciously trying to pull his legs upward, restraints biting into his flesh, Anxiously, he complied.

“I was born November 15th, 1982,” he let his eyes flutter open, suddenly feeling self conscious and wanting to add more, as though it were a graded assignment, “In West Virginia.” The detail somehow tethered him.

The doctor chuckled softly to himself.

“Very good, Graham.” He leaned in, slowly, as not to startle the young man. “And do you know who I am?”

The profiler fought the drugs weighing heavy on his brain, glancing at the source of the voice.

He stilled.

“You’re doctor Lecter…” he paused, “But...how...when…” his mind scrambled as he fought to piece together the jagged edges of his memory; fighting panic once more.

Something warm and wet began trickling down his side, stemming from his chest. The sheet went warm, then cold with sweat as Will struggled to swallow.

“Shh….” Hannibal soothed, “Just relax. You’re safe.”
The doctor fought a foreign, sympathetic spark course through him. Suddenly wanting to physically comfort the younger man.

With some difficulty, he resisted, but not before Will noticed the doctor's slight, retracted gesture of reaching to touch his cheek.

Will's nostrils flared. He forced himself into an artificial state of fierce focus.

"That was you...." He tried to keep the quivering out of his voice. "You shot those men…" His heart rate began to gallop at the memories trying to force themselves through the gossamer membrane his mind had built to protect itself.

"Yes." Hannibal looked down at his shoes, suddenly hesitant to meet Will's eyes. He paused, collecting himself, banishing the images of how he had found Graham in that warehouse.

Beaten, bloodied, raped, and tortured.

Unaccustomed to sympathy, and, finding the emotion most infuriating, Lecter busied himself with his notebook to get his mind back to equilibrium.

Will, though more alert than he'd been in days, could barely manage to hold on to his crumbling resolve to remain still; fighting his reflex to bolt.

He took in his surroundings, and decided to focus on the subtle expanding of Hannibal's torso as he breathed; the fabric stretching beneath his muscles. The flat planes of the doctor's chest, the points of his nipples teasing through the white business shirt.

Graham felt a shock of heat crawl across his belly and registered his body's unintentional interest; his cock stirring.

Hannibal stood, watching the young man; seeing him visibly flinch at the movement. He stopped, taking care not to touch him.

"Look up towards me, Will," Hannibal's gravelly voice had a complicated effect on Will's thoughts - not entirely keeping them from straying deeper down the rabbit hole.

He did as he was asked, and was met with warm, steady hazel eyes.
He knew those eyes, and felt a sliver of stability knock on the door of his subconsciousness.

Hannibal let the moment hang in the air. The two breathed in silence for some time. Allowing each other space to process.

"Will," Lecter slowly leaned in, gauging the brunette's reaction; noting the frantic movement of his eyes, his breathing, the tension in his limbs as he placed a hand on the bed, beside the man.

"You've been asleep for nearly 72 hours," he began; remaining still. "You have been through a traumatic series of events; and it will require time to process what you experienced."

Graham's mind latched onto the voice; trying not to shy away from the taller man's physical proximity. He had to reframe his design.

“Why am I in restraints?” his voice was raspy; and even to him, the question sounded out of left field, but it was at the front of his mind.

“You were a danger to yourself,” the doctor’s breath was warm on Graham’s skin as he leaned in closer; Will’s body responding with a shiver, “I had to consider you further injuring yourself, and frankly, myself as well.” A hint of a smile played on his lips.

The brunette watched Hannibal’s mouth, now so close to his own; a memory flickered across his mind. He remembered those lips. Their softness, playfulness, and how they tasted of fine whiskey and smoke.

He picked up on the scent of the doctor’s aftershave. Familiar, consistent….another mental tether.

After a moment of letting the younger man acclimate, Hannibal spoke again.

“Now, I don’t want to seem too forward, but at present, you are suffering from a superficial wound to your chest, that requires my attention.” He stood, going to the counter to fetch something Will could not see. “Are you able to lie back down for me?”

Graham had completely forgotten about the now sticky substance glueing the sheets to his skin as it dried. He looked down, afraid to see what was underneath the fabric. Mentally, he also realized he was holding himself in a rather cramped, curled position; every muscle tensed.

He laid back, forcing his body to settle; taking note of the softness of the pillow, the clean smell of the laundered blankets, and warmth of the room.

“Very good,” the doctor whispered, “Now, what I need to do will require some, but minimal physical contact, to first assess your cognitive functions and neurological reflexes.”

He took his bag from his dresser, setting it on the bedside table. The doctor then withdrew a pen light, blood pressure cuff, and a few cotton balls.

“Will, being honest with you, I want you to feel safe with me. I acknowledge that at the moment, you have no reason to trust me; and I respect that.”

The doctor sat in a chair beside the bed, his hands in his lap; neutral; not threatening. Will felt himself calming down. Still quite high strung, but able to actively listen, as Hannibal continued.

“If at any point you feel the need to stop, I need you to be immediate in your communication, please.”

He looked down at dark eyes, searching for solace.

“I’ll, …” Will’s throat was so dry, “I’ll try,” he managed, steeling himself.

His mind was scrambling to both obtain and retain his constantly resetting calibration of calm. He recognized Hannibal. Remembered his voice, his scent, his touch. The way he made him feel. And yet, his physical body wanted nothing more than to disintegrate into nothingness; wade into the stream of unconsciousness and be embraced by the void. To cease the exhaustive balancing act and flightiness put forth by his adrenal system.

Hannibal watched his lover processing both his mental and physical surroundings, careful not to move too quickly or speak too soon. He stood at the bed side, holding a pen light, hands at his sides. Will's subconscious took note of the shapeliness of the man's long legs, and fingers at eye level.

"Breathe for me, Will," the doctor locked eyes with him again; steady. "I must first check a few of your cranial nerve functions. There will be no physical contact, but I will be closer to you in order to observe your reaction. Do I have your consent to continue?"

Graham nodded; his body ridgid.

"Thank you. I will be checking your pupillary response, shining a light in your eyes, followed by you visually tracking the movement of my hand. Is that understood?"

The smaller man nodded again, his breath quieting a bit and mind stepping in with the microphone.

'He's not going to touch me. This is medical. Analytical. Clinical. I am safe.' He repeated this to himself, honing in on something on the far wall.

He dutifully let his gaze follow the penlight at the doctor's prompting - up and down, right and left; hazel eyes watching him with such intensity, he suddenly felt bashful and looked away.

"Thank you, Will, that was very good," Satisfied,Lecter went to make notes on his clipboard, allowing Graham to settle again, giving him space. After a moment, he returned, again, standing at the bedside.

"How are you doing?" he asked; the hint of concern in his voice startling, given his usual cold demeanor.

"Um…" eloquent there, Graham, he thought to himself, "Ok, I guess?" His mind was still concerned that his answer would somehow be wrong and he would have to suffer consequences.

Lecter sat down, placing his hands on the bed next to Graham; watching the young man fight to control his reflexes yet again.

"Will, I need to see to the laceration on your chest, which requires physical contact." He waited, to let him process before proceeding. "As to your restraints, I am giving you the freedom to choose whether or not you deem them necessary."

The young profiler suddenly sank into the deep recesses of his mind; fighting for purchase. Discarding the want to resist and flee. He held precious facts in his mind, letting them anchor him to the present.

Uncertain if the man meant to vocalize his thoughts, Lecter heard Will muttering to himself.

“My name is Will Graham. I was born November 15, 1982. I am in the care of Doctor Hannibal Lecter, whom I trust to….” he felt his breathing quicken, “To... do me no harm,” he finished firmly.

Another long moment passed, and Hannibal let his palm rest over the back of Graham’s right hand.

Will flinched, but did not recoil.

“Please, remove the restraints,” Graham said numbly, to the room.

Hannibal’s fingers nimbly freed his young lover.

Both men, holding their breath.

Residue

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Chapter 5: Angry (Healing?) Sex.

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I OWN NOTHING.

"Will, take my hands," Lecter said softly.

Electricity hummed through Graham at the gentle contact. So innocent, meaningless, and clinical.

"Good, now push against me…." Hannibal braced as the young man feebly pressed his hands against him.

"Very good. And pull," Will did as instructed, but given the resistance, found himself washed in cold panic.

"Please, let go!" his grip softened, feeling trapped, "I can't…"

The doctor immediately let go, once again, ceasing all contact.

“I’m sorry.” Will was trembling, “I just...it made me feel…” he gathered the blankets, pulling them up over his arms, suddenly cold and shivering.

Hannibal put his own hands up slightly, in plain view, “It’s alright. We’ll stop.” There was no hint of annoyance in his voice. Simple. Calm. Collected.

“This is ridiculous,” Will stammered, feeling as though his body was now completely outside of his control, continuing to shiver.

“No, it isn’t.” The doctor sat back in his chair, neutral, unphased, detached. “You had a perfectly normal reaction to an outside stimulus, which triggered your nervous system to respond to me as a threat.”

“But I know you’re not a threat….” the brunette whispered.

“What’s happening now, is your own mind fighting itself. The rational side believes that I am not a threat, but the larger, more instinctual and frankly, more powerful part of your brain is overcompensating in case the rational side is wrong.”

A smile crept onto Hannibal’s face, watching Graham work through his words.

“So, I’m trying to protect myself, in case what I tell myself I think I know….is wrong?”

“Precisely. You have been through a traumatic event, and the parts of your mind and body outside of your conscious control take over in a sense, in order to protect you. It is a very primal response.”

The doctor’s clinical assessment, and the word ‘primal’ struck some sort of chord in Will’s libido, sending a cascade of micro-sparks to his groin.

“Lets start with something less mentally invasive,” he paused, donning a pair of gloves, and producing an array of supplies from his bag.

He handed Will a wrapped antiseptic cloth and a different pair of gloves.

“What you need right now, is control. When you’re ready, put these on.” He nodded at the gloves, and waited, as Will’s mind clung to the distraction and physical task.

Gloves on, he looked up expectantly at the doctor; like a child awaiting instruction, suddenly given a sense of purpose.

“Good, now, I want you to remove the dressing from your chest, and clean it.”

Graham’s mind flooded with questions about sanitization, how he would react to the way it looked or felt, and if this were somehow illegal.

Seeing the questions pile up, Hannibal leaned in, “It’s quite safe, and I am here if you need assistance of any sort. I promise.”

Hesitantly, the young man struggled to open the packet, withdrawing a cloth that smelled of antiseptic. With his left hand, he reached to his chest to peel off the tape, exposing a rather clean, but not fully healed set of symmetrical scabs in the pattern of a circle around his nipple. There was no sense of shock. Simply collecting data. He was reframing his design.

Trembling, he pressed the cloth to the wound; inhaling the strong scent; the sting radiating through his skin, somehow grounding him.

He let his hand lie flat against his heart as he let the flesh absorb the alcohol, feeling his pulse. It was fluttering, but also slowing with each breath. Steadying. Constant and alive.

Hannibal watched, calmly as Graham came back and began to cleanse himself of caked blood and sediment.

“Very good.” The doctor produced a second dressing, and presented it to Graham once the old one had been discarded properly.

Will’s subconscious clung to the praise; so miniscule and seemingly insignificant and yet, wildly necessary. Steadying himself, he applied the clean bandage to his chest, focusing on his breathing.

Hannibal deftly removed and replaced the stained sheet, draping the young man modestly.

“Well done, Will.” He stood, hovering. Possessed with a yearning to take away the mental anguish without necessity of time or multiple sessions or processing. Unaccustomed to his feelings, and master of rationalizing and compartmentalization, the doctor pressed on.

“May I sit?” he gestured to the bed, instead of the chair; reminding himself to not moved too quickly.

“Sure…?” Graham said, quietly. The sag of the mattress sent his amygdala into overdrive; memories threatening to break the soap bubble of security he had just feebly constructed. He sat, silently, taking in Hannibal’s scent again. The weight of his strong body next to his own. Simply existing...not invading his space. He took in the heat coming off the doctor’s body, drawn to him like a magnet.

“I would like to do an exercise, Will. And it is your choice of how to, and if we continue.”

Graham dumbly grabbed at the glass of water on the nightstand, suddenly realizing how parched he was. The cold liquid bathed his insides, clearing his senses. He set it back down, attentive.

“If you are comfortable, I want you to place your hand over my heart. I will keep my hands in plain sight, and not do anything without warning.”

Graham hesitantly did so. Again, the contact sent a thrill through him. A simple establishment of connection. They sat, silent, Hannibal’s heart tethering them both. Graham lost himself in the steady, rhythmic pattern of the doctor’s breathing, feeling the man’s breath

coursing over his own skin once again. He shut his eyes, solidifying the feeling of stability and safety.

The doctor waited for a full minute.

“Lovely.” Their gazes locked again, and Hannibal saw the young man calm. “Now, we have done a lot today, and I don’t want to overwhelm you; so I’m going to call this a success, and leave you alone for the evening, should you choose.” He moved to stand up, but found (*to both his and Will’s surprise) Will clinging to the collar of his shirt, keeping him from moving.

“Please…” the young man said, “Don’t go.”

Will couldn’t exactly place what he was feeling other than fear of losing the one thing that was now grounding him to reality.

Hannibal stayed where he was, unwavering.

“Will, I must insist,” he calmly tried to remove the young man’s hand from his clothes.

Graham held fast.

“Hannibal, please…”

At mention of his name, the doctor paused, and cupped his hand on the back of his lover’s skull, drawing him in, inhaling the scent of his hair. Chest to chest, they let their breathing come to match one another.

Graham’s arms holding Lecter to him with limited strength. Not that he cared. He reveled in the feeling of both their heartbeats, the familiar rasp of Hannibal’s breathing, the bundles of muscle pressed to his wiry frame. His design solidifying.

His mind suddenly flooded with emotion, and not entirely sure why, Will canted his hips, and pressed his lips to the doctor’s neck.

Hannibal craned his head back; torn between lust and logic. His head swam as his cock gave an enthusiastic jolt at the warm body in his arms.

This was wrong. Will was confused and weak. He would be taking advantage if…

“Hannibal…” the wiry brunette bit his ear, sucking on the lobe; making his cock twitch and mental wires cross, sending sparks through his body.

Yes, he wanted this; he yearned for this. This scrap of emotion that made him feel like a human rather than a monster. He fought his way through his instinct to slam Will to the sheets and annihilate him, worship him, and devour him.

His body was thrumming with heat and his thoughts swam through the thick fog of primal need.

With effort, the doctor gathered what he could of his sober mind, and held Will to him for a moment, cueing them both to still.

“Will,” Lecter fought his insistent cock, now positively raging. “This wouldn’t be right. You could barely handle an exam. Your mind needs to heal. I could set you off, or cause you more harm.”

As though deaf to his plea, Graham rocked and ground against him, resulting in a reflexive hip thrust of his own. His skin was warmed by the younger man, making his memories of slapping flesh and moaning sounds bubble to the surface. He could smell the familiar scent of Will’s saliva drying on his neck, threatening to undo him completely. A moan passing his lips as the agile profiler’s tongue fought his way into his mouth.

Suddenly, he recalled how he had washed this man’s broken body that had been so beautiful and unblemished; now scarred and fragile. How long he waited for him to wake up. How careful he had to be to not startle him, and now here he was trying to resist the one thing Will claimed he needed.

With perhaps more force than necessary, Hannibal removed himself, panting, and coming to stand again at the foot of the bed; his cock (visibly) aching.

The profiler was flushed; suddenly self conscious and wavering on the edge of panic once again.

Hannibal gently carded his hands through Graham’s hair; the young man keening into the touch, begging.

“This is a normal response, Will. You are trying to extinguish emotional confusion by performing an act that used to satisfy your captor.” He watched the man reflexively recoil in mental comprehension at mention of what he lived through.

“I just want to make you happy,” he said.

Cerulean eyes brimmed with tears as Will struggled to make sense of the fragments of his broken mind.

Hannibal kept his hand on Graham’s shoulder; warm, steady.

“I know that’s how it feels right now, but that is a residual symptom of your experience with those…” He couldn’t bring himself to finish the sentence. Bile rising in his throat.

“I will stay with you tonight.” The doctor tried to reestablish his clinical facade, allowing it to distance him from further arousal. “Tomorrow, we will have to do a few more tests to establish your physical healing progress.”

Graham’s mind was reeling, but he forced himself to lie back again, focusing on his breathing, and mental tethers.

Hannibal kissed Will’s brow. “Are you alright if I go clean up? I promise I won’t be long.”

“Yes,” Graham said, steeling himself. “I’ll be alright.”

He waited in a strange state of alternating anxiety and exhaustion until he felt the mattress give under Hannibal’s weight.

Arms embraced him, broad hands crossed his chest. They lay there in silence until they both slipped into the black abyss of sleep.

Safe

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I OWN NOTHING.

Over the next few days, the two developed a routine that alternated mental and physical tasks for Will to perform, with increased expectations as he grew stronger.

Color returned to his cheeks, he no longer flinched at sudden movements, and the insomnia was improving.

Hannibal was still cautious about the level of arousal he allowed to occur between them. Despite desperately wanting each other, he could not, clinically or emotionally bring himself to allow Will to follow through with his actions. It was too soon. In fact, he had some difficulty understanding why the young profiler continued his advances at all.

They would discuss it during the lulls of their sessions, casually, as though they had returned to regular therapy doctor/patient status instead of lovers.
“It’s not like I’m just looking to fuck,” Will said, bitterly; crossing his legs, all body language indicating closed off spite.

“Graham, trust me, as well when I say its not that I don’t want to fuck you,” Hannibal found it easier to be direct, “It’s something I miss very much about our relationship. But I wouldn’t feel...right...about it…”

“Why the hell does it have to feel ‘right?’ Hannibal?” Will was gripping the arms of his chair. “Is it because I’m a victim of abuse? Is it because ‘God forbid you hurt the precious, fragile, damaged freak, for whom you have a goddamn ‘knight in shining armor complex’?”

Hannibal bristled a bit at that.

“No,” the doctor took a slow breath, “It’s because I feel I’d be taking advantage of someone in a mental state that could not properly advocate for themself.”

“So now I’m incompetent?!” Will didn’t realize he was standing, and near shouting. “You won’t touch me, you won’t let me kiss you, you don’t look at me the way you used to…”

“I can’t, Will.”

“Because ‘poor me...I’m battered and broken, and’...”

Now Hannibal stood, closing the distance between them, “You don’t know what it was like.” His voice was shaking as he fought to control himself, “To see you nearly dead, to mentally take in what had been done to you, to realize I was too late…”

Will gaped.

Doctor Lecter rarely expressed emotion...and almost never about another human being at that.

“My world, Will, is built on control. And in those few days of finding you, and waiting to see if you woke up, my resolve crumbled and I experienced emotions as I never have since I was a boy.”

Graham waited, watching the taller man expose himself in such a frightening way that had no choice but to let him continue without comment.

Lecter was shaking with rage; his beautiful fortress built of intellect, stoic mindset and logic threatened to disintegrate before Will’s eyes.

Hannibal sank into his chair; clinical, methodical building blocks once again being assembled.

Graham walked towards him slowly.

“I need you,” Graham whispered. “I need you. To take me,...” he straddled Lecter’s legs, seating himself on his lap.

The doctor pushed him back, lifting him upward; but the profiler reached out, taking hold of the back of the chair, once again seating himself.

“What are you doing?” Hannibal whispered.

“I’m ‘advocating for myself,’ or whatever you call it…” Will undid the buttons of his shirt.

“Will, please, this is wrong…” Hannibal kept his hands on the arms of the chair, afraid to make contact.

“You want to fix me?” Will whispered, leaning in, kissing the doctor’s neck, “This,” he rocked his hips in a circle, his ass digging into the doctor’s cock. “Is what I want.” He kissed his way up Hannibal’s neck, nipping at his jaw. “This, is what I need.” He brought his hands to Lecter’s hair, pulling him to his lips.

The doctor was lost. His body rocked upward into the warmth crushing his dick; his nipples scraped wickedly against his shirt, and his senses honed in on the sound of Will’s breathing.

Infuriated at being at the disadvantage, he grabbed a fistful of Will’s curls, pulling him away; watching the man wince.

“What you’re asking, is counterproductive and dangerous,” he growled, struggling to not give in to what he knew he wanted. He let go, extinguishing the sparks; hands falling back to the chair. “You are recovering from a traumatic experience. It would be unprofessional and damaging for me to….”

“To what?!!” Graham interrupted. “To fuck me?!” He shucked off his shirt, and grabbed Hannibal’s hands in his own, placing them on his chest.

They both paused; Will shuddered at the contact of Hannibal’s warm hand placed over the healing flesh where the needles had been. He quieted. Lecter felt the pulse, strong beneath his palm.

Hesitantly now, Graham leaned in, gently pressing his lips to the doctor’s. Asking.
His tongue flicked across them; sweet and pliantly opening to him. He felt the older man’s body relax, pulling a sigh from his mouth.

“I need you, Hannibal.” He peppered the man with kisses and kitten licks; his dick bobbing with need. “You will heal me,” His hands moved to Lecter’s pants, “Fix me,” he deftly undid the zipper, “Cleanse me…” Hannibal’s impressive cock sprang free of its confines.

The doctor felt the cool air lick his cock, causing him to jump slightly under Graham’s weight.
He arched his neck back; feeling Will’s hands on him.

“Cleanse you?” he asked, prying the young man’s hands off him; trying to regain the advantage.
He held Will’s wrists, pressing them into his own thighs, breathing heavily.

“Yes,” the brunette gave Hannibal’s legs a firm squeeze, “After what happened, it can only be you,” he rubbed his thumb up and down the doctor’s heated skin. “I need you, to replace my memories of torture.” He stilled, staring into deep pools of amber. “If it’s you, I can right myself again. Feel re-claimed, possessed and have the poison replaced….by you.”

Hannibal let his hands roam over the warm body of his lover. He saw no hesitance, no artificial expectations or delusions. Graham didn’t flinch under his touch.

He hesitantly reached up to caress the young man’s face, sitting upward, drawing him into a fierce kiss.

“Are you sure?” He could barely breathe.

“Yes.”

The levy broke, and his hands removed Will’s clothing in a frenzy, grabbing at the supple globes of flesh, but careful not to hurt him.

As was their old routine, he reached to the side table, withdrawing a bottle, and slicked his fingers. They were met with sweet, slick heat, as Will lowered himself on to him. He flinched slightly; his entrance physically healed, but quite tight after the abuse it had taken.

“Shhhh….we don’t have to rush, here, let's move.” Hannibal carefully removed his hand, the two men awkwardly moving to the (more comfortable) chaise beside them.The doctor reclined, Will straddling him again as they resumed.

He watched Will’s mind and body processing; slowly working past the first ring of muscle; his body shining with sweat.

Graham twisted and canted, trying to adjust; the burn from just two fingers threatening to undo him.

After a few minutes, he settled. Hannibal stroked his back, and kissed his chest; sucking gently on his collarbone.

“Ugh...Doctor Lecter…” Will’s eyelids fluttered, “Please, I need more...please,”

Lecter removed his fingers once more, slicking himself and aligning his body with the younger man’s entrance.

“Take your time, Will, “ He fought his own body for the sake of not startling the man, “you have the most control in this position; I’ve got you.”

Graham sank down; a hiss escaping his lips. Pain coursed through him, and he fought to relax with every millimeter further.

The doctor was having trouble breathing, but remained still, nostrils flared.

“Shhh….It’s alright, he soothed.” He felt Will take him to the hilt.

“Hannibal…” the profiler, pressed into the doctor’s chest, rocking his hips experimentally. It burned, and stung, but it was lessening with each stroke.

Lecter held the younger man’s hips, gently, passively, rocking upward as he adjusted.

Graham let the physical sensations over take him. The smell of the doctor’s aftershave, the sound of him moaning, the comfort of his fingers kneading his flesh.

“I need you…” he managed, looking down at his lover, “ I need you to take me.”

He gently began to roll so that his back was now pressed into the leather beneath them. Hannibal gracefully rearranged his weight distribution to accommodate.

“Make me yours,” Will bit at Hannibal’s shoulder, spurring him on; then placed his hands on either side of his own head on the cushions, submitting completely.

Lecter held fast to Graham’s forearms, pressing them into the leather and began pistoning himself; holding onto what little control he had left.

He locked eyes with the dark haired man before leaning down to suck and pull at the flesh of his neck with his teeth.

Both men were lost to sensation.

The doctor surfaced to lock eyes with his lover as he frantically thrust in and out of his tight body; the heat taking over his mind.

“You’re mine, Will Graham.”

“Always,” Will muttered.

Hannibal saw white flash across his vision as he leaned in, swallowing his lover’s scream as they followed each other over the edge.

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